

Cannon and his wife visited him on a golden afternoon, taking sympathetic account of what he was about. The giant lolled at his ease upon a fallen tree-trunk, tugging at his shaggy beard, speaking with a lightness that could not wholly obscure his feeling.

"Well, Bailey, I can see where we're goin' to be shy one good man next trip," he said. "But I'd stay too, if I was you; dummed if I would n't. I should n't wonder if this is what me an' her will be doin' one o' these days—diggin' in the dirt an' fixin' a place where we can strike root. But it won't be till after the next trip west. She's goin' to let me go once more, ain't you, old lady?"

"Oh, yes!" she smiled placidly. "Just as I'm going to let the wind go. It would be foolish to try to hold the wind in one place, would n't it, now?"

"Just once more!" Cannon repeated, his lively eyes grave for the moment. "I've been thinkin' about it, a heap. Look here: I've found a verse that kind